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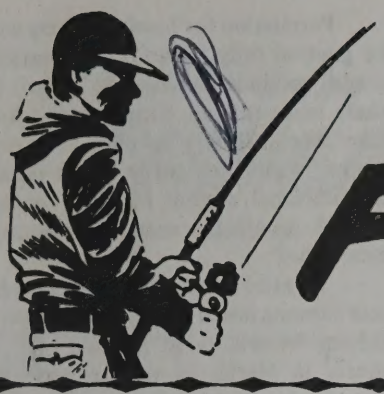

The Long Island FISHERMAN

JANUARY 4th, ISSUE NO. 1, 1973

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SHORE LINES

TRIBUTE TO A SPORTSMAN

Mr. Guaglianone,

How true your story in December 19th issue, "Tribute To A Sportsman."

After beating the water white for more tides than I can remember, I've found that such as he indeed is hard if not impossible to come by. And if we do, we find them "hard to believe" and tend to latch on hoping that some of the things you wrote about will rub off on us.

A very warm, touching story, Nick's; and I can only say that you should try not to mourn your loss 'cause mortal critters like us will never understand these things. Rather count your blessings for being permitted to cross paths, however brief, with a real man.

Ken Smith
Northport, N.Y.

Thank you, Ken Smith.
V.G.

EMERGENCY COMMITTEE NEWS RELEASE

Senator Ted Stevens (R-Alaska) recently introduced Senate Concurrent Resolution 95 which requests the President to declare a moratorium upon foreign fishery operations on U.S. coastal fisheries. Furthermore, the resolution requests the President to prohibit foreign fishing of any American species within American coastal waters unless specific permission is granted to fish in these waters by the American government.

Permission for foreign fishing would be granted only if the foreign nationals could produce convincing proof that there is no existing danger to the American coastal fishery species. The moratorium would remain in effect until an international regime for the conservation of American coastal species can be established.

In introducing the resolution Senator Stevens noted that over 650 foreign fishing vessels were sighted off our shores in March (a vast increase over the number sighted last year) and that American coastal fish stocks will face rapid depletion and destruction unless emergency actions are taken to reduce foreign fishery efforts.

If passed, Senator Stevens resolution would go a long way toward saving America's seriously threatened marine resources. Protection would probably be afforded to such species as sea herring, mackerel, cod, haddock, ling (red hake), whiting (silver hake), yellowtail flounder, fluke, sea bass, porgies (scup), river herring, menhaden (bunker) and lobster, all of which are either primary targets of the foreign fleets or are taken by them incidentally to their primary operation.

The Emergency Committee To Save America's Marine Resources urges sportsmen and conservationists to write their senators, asking them to not only support Senate Concurrent Resolution 95 but to also prove their dedication to preservation of our marine resources by signing on as cosponsors of the resolution. Letters and postcards to your senators can be very brief and should be addressed to U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510. Write now while there's still something to save!

Names of U.S. Senators: New York, James L. Buckley and Jacob K. Javits; New Jersey, Clifford P. Case and Harrision A. Williams, Jr.; Connecticut, Abraham A. Ribicoff and Lowell P. Weicker; Massachusetts, Edward Kennedy and Edward Brooke; Pennsylvania, Hugh Scott and Richard S. Schweiker; Rhode Island, Claiborne Pell and John Pastore.

For further information contact Allan J. Ristori, Chairman, The Emergency Committee To Save America's Marine Resources, 110 Charlotte Place, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632. Phone: (201) 569-9511.

If you can SEE thru it,
IT'S TOO SMALL!

The Long Island
FISHERMAN

THE LARGEST WEEKLY GUIDE FOR FISHERMEN IN THE N.Y. AREA

VOL. 8, NO. 1 JANUARY 4, 1973

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The LONG ISLAND FISHERMAN is published weekly, except for two (2) weeks in February, by the L.I.F. Publishing Corp., L.I.F. Building, 8 West 7th Street, P.O. Box 143, Deer Park, N.Y. 11729. Telephone (516) 667-6633. Second class postage is paid at Deer Park. 20¢ a copy; 1 year, 50 issues, $6.00; 2 years, 100 issues, $11.00; 3 years, 150 issues, $15.00. Back issues are sold for 35¢ a copy. Photographs and written contributions are welcomed. Unsolicited contributions become the property of the Long Island Fisherman. Any contributions that are to be returned must be accompanied by a written request and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Letters to the editor requiring a written answer must also include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. All consideration will be given these requests, however, no responsibility on our part is assumed. Notices of change of address must include both the old and the new address. Allow two weeks for change. The contents herein may not be reprinted without the permission of the publisher.

FRONT PAGE PHOTO

This 53 lb. pool winning codfish hangs from the rail of the "Viking Star." The prize winning fish was caught by Moe Madell of Queens. Capt. Forsberg said, "There were 207 cod aboard for 14 passengers. The average fish weighed 10 to 12 lbs. The cod action out this way is very good, weather permitting."

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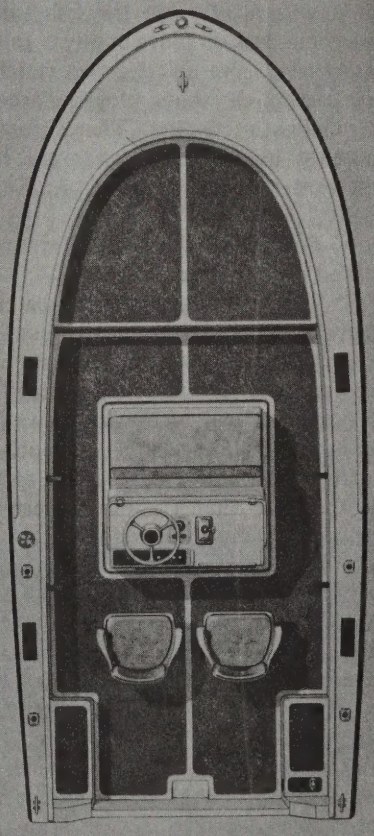

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Strictly Casting

— By Vince Guaglianone —

Fortification

THE WHOLE MONTH of August had slid by and I had not caught one striper. For the most part, frankly, I had given up after July's finish.

It is one thing to search and search, figure and plan and try some more without finding the fish (and I mean big bass on plugs purely). In that case I never give up. I go on searching and testing the spots, plugging around. It remains interesting. There is always more to learn. Every year is a little different in some respect. And eventually . . .

But it is something else to get kicked in the stomach.

Three spring months of searching many shores, reading mostly boat-fish news, reviewing my log, checking with far-flung surf regulars, and figuring finally got me ahead of the late cows (late for springtime-plugging). On south and north shores there had been no pattern to the bass that I could discern last spring. But by the middle of the odd cold July, I figured a piece of it and I was so sure. Come the full moon: lunkers just had to be chasing the recently-arrived schools of tinker mackerel in Jones Inlet. Already I had waded that newly-shaped sandbar west of the Short Beach Wall: it was perfect. But July 24 was the one night - under the round moon - that we would be able to go again. And for a week prior to it, Martha kept pressing me to keep that Monday night clear on the calendar. July 24 would be our night.

Then, just the night before D-Night the phone rings, giving an unavoidable obligation for that tomorrow night. And sure big stripers are beached on plugs that very night in Jones Inlet, at the bar; and from the jetty on the Inlet side; and a reliably-reported (kept secret) 50-pounder is beached near the barge behind the West End field. All of this was for me a kick in the stomach.

After being forced to miss what I had worked so hard to find, I just did not have the guts to start trying to locate the fish all over again. Especially not in August. I did not feel like nursing live eels, yet; and I certainly was not about to buy a boat. So I stayed away most of August; except for two half-hearted trips at night to Jones Inlet around the new moon. On one trip I dropped a good bass on the Super Minnow Rebel. On the other, Tom Sharpe's brother plugged a 16-pounder before we arrived - Stu Miller and I - to get skunked from 2 A.M. to 6. Yet there were nice weakfish in that water (and now I could kick myself for ignoring those tasty gamefish).

At August's end, that brief trip up to Rhody with Martha was another blow. The eerie absence of mossbunker along the Narragansett ledges meant that I could not even have the fortification of teen blues. These I could have gotten then, but only where it was too built-up and crowded to enjoy; right outside the city of Providence . . . Not for me.

Back down here the first weekend of September, a northeaster slammed in at 40 knots and there were gale warnings. Heavily it rained; the first rain since mid-August. This might do something in addition to eroding the sand beaches of the south shore. These I could not reach on Sunday (too tired) when the wind turned northwest and the air so surprisingly chill. Near home in Stony Brook the wife and I found nothing in the clearing sunset at West Meadow Beach. (Big blues were in that dawn, we heard.) But the air stayed cold with the wind west-northwest, and I thought about it Monday night . . . If I hit Stony Brook Channel in the dark with those crazy Tri-Fin Whiptails, at the ebb's last two hours as usual, with this particular wind keeping the bait back int he Channel . . . If there was bait . . .

The last two hours of the ebb: that meant 1:30 A.M. as the tide was high here around 9:30 P.M. It also meant that I could be in bad shape for work the next day - but it bothered me more that I was thinking of giving up the plugs again this year. What bothered me most of all was that I had not caught anything since July 13 . . .

The clincher was checking the Solunar Tables. These listed a minor feeding period due at 2:20 A.M., which was inside the ebb's last two hours, and under a thin crescnet moon. This moon meant extra strong water . . . It was a combo of conditions that I like for inlets (and also for ocean-jetties, incidentally): - a moon-strong tide; last of the ebb; wind against the ebb-current making sharper rips; nighttime; and a Solunar feeding-period; There were only three other conditions that I was not sure of: the presence of bait; the presence of gamefish; and my skill. And there was only one way to find out about these last three.

Bundled up against the unseasonal cold at 1:30 A.M. I was just barely comfortable, with a really strong wind in the face. The blast blew over the Sound, pushing against the Channel's fierce current and turning the flat water into a small surf. The blow churned the flowering rips at each little rockpile's point, and it churned the diagonal rip over the leaning-out submerged bar ahead of the third rockpile. This stone

bar's rip I again chose to work; passing by two fellows atop Rockpile-2. My spot along the gravel shore was at the mossy rut where the leaning-out bar starts, well ahead of reaching the third rockpile. On my right a young fellow (but older than the two kids on Rockpile-2) was beside Number-3. He had not felt a touch on plugs or jigs from high tide till now . . .

Hardly any boats came by, but one did try to anchor till he gave it up and pushed on to the opposite shore with a crunch. Then he also started casting from the shore (you could hear the trebles of his plug rattling in the wind). We all kept at it for an hour while the silver crescent climbed up on my left against the black and starry night. It was a pleasure to breathe. It was just great to be out in this wide windy night with the other kids, beside the gurgling rush of water; great - aside from the fact that I 'knew' I was going to catch something. You know how that is: when you 'know' that you will catch something. It is not just a hunch; and it is not the same thing as figuring; and it certainly is not mere wishful thinking. You simply somehow 'know'.

Every so often it happens. In a moment you kind of gather the whole thing into yourself. Retrieving the Whiptail so slow and feeling the lure struggle against the current - briefly it would stick at the bottom - picking it up and retrieving slow: suddenly you start to almost 'listen' to a bass swim at the lure to check it out . . . The line was angled off to the right into the sucking rip, hard by the stone bar. And suddenly I said to myself, Now. And right then: Slurp! I yanked back immediately, cupping my hand over the spool to set the hook; and the spool zoomed round under my palm. It was like a 30-pounder in these deep rapids. Honestly. And I had to tell myself again to not get so excited here at Stony Brook Channel. It is only the deep forceful current. Yet again I had to run up and over Rockpile-3. The young fellow there, after quickly reeling in his line, he got out of my way in time and offered his flashlight while I banged on mine that was dimming around my neck. He jumped up and over with me and took a gaff; not knowing of mine in my belt . . . Now this was a good beginner. (So there is hope for fishing. And if hope for fishing, why then hope for the rest of the world, I would say.)

As long as my fish was head-with the current, I dared not halt it though I slowed it by pressuring the spool. When it slumped, I pumped the handle but it shot off on a second run. "Maybe 18, 20 pounds."

Finally I got it into backwash-water, out of the current, and felt the truth. No fish, A schoolie. We won't need the gaff.

But it was a good schoolie; 10 pounds. Seeing it my helper said: "Wow. I wish I could catch a striper this size."

Wishing very much that he would, I gave him a Tri-Fin Whiptail ¾ ounce. But he had been out all through the tide. Now he was tired so he left soon after our brief conversation . . . Just back from Vietnam, he was out to fish away his disgust . . .

Hearing my drag, the kids from Rockpile-2 had run over with Tri Fin Eels dangling from the rods. They saw my striper; mentioned switching to Whiptails; and instead of crowding me they ran back to Rockpile-2! Surely this was a lucky night! Everybody was going to be courteous (and even scientific: the kids had a great rip on top of 20 feet of low-tide water over there).

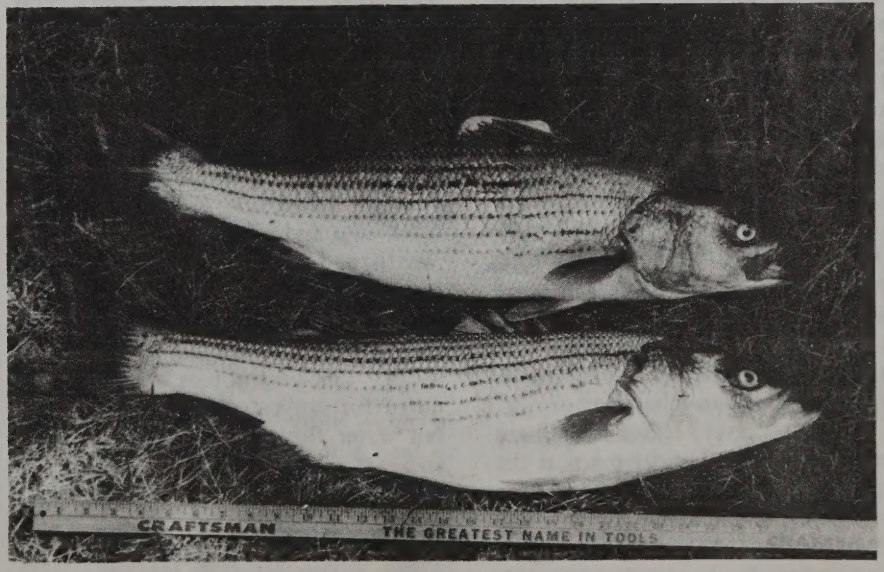
Behind me after a while the shore crunched and this older guy came down along the steep slope. He shined a flash on my fish; mentioned how the two kids back there had just left with two bass, each about 15 pounds; and then started jabbering incessantly into my right ear. Carefully I had to cast overhead till he moved off and got next to Rockpile-3, where our latest war's veteran had been.

His chatter was still persecuting me from over there, when my lure got stuck in that certain way after a cast that fell short from the wind. Again I yanked back and the drag hummed off and it was toward Jetty-3 again ("Please mister, get the hell out of my way"), up and over the rocks and down the opposite side. It was the second half of what still amounts to (even now) fortification. Later, when the tide slacked and it seemed finished, the boat-guy rowed over and asked what I had been using. Being now in a good mood I spoke pleasantly with this half-souled angler, praising the qualities of shore fishing.

Not having caught anything since July 13, I of course enjoyed to the utmost my two mere 10's of September 4. Yet in the end I did regret to have killed the trim beautiful creatures. Partaking of Man's mysteriously irrational tendencies, I ignored the possible mercury and rationalized: "food for the table." But after the sport, the only real additional need had been just to take the striped ones home. It is a form of madness.

Martha that morning photographed, measured (29 inches), and weighed the catch: one a clean 10, the other 10.4 pounds (more madness). But after I got home from work that day it irked me to learn that when she filletted them, Martha forgot to examine the stomach contents. Even that late in the year we had seen very little of swimming bait in Stony Brook Channel.

What might those striped bass be feeding on? During many subsequent mornings this was something real to think about while traveling to the job in our American-Dream Utopia.



FORTIFICATION

Going To Florida ?

By Vlad Evanoff

Pier fishing is popular in Florida and they use all kinds of rods from light spinning to heavy surf tackle from the rails.

MANY ANGLERS going to Florida for the first time wonder just what kind of fishing tackle and gear they need and what kind of fishing they can expect during the winter months. Also what kind of weather they will find and how they will have to dress and what fishing clothes they will need.

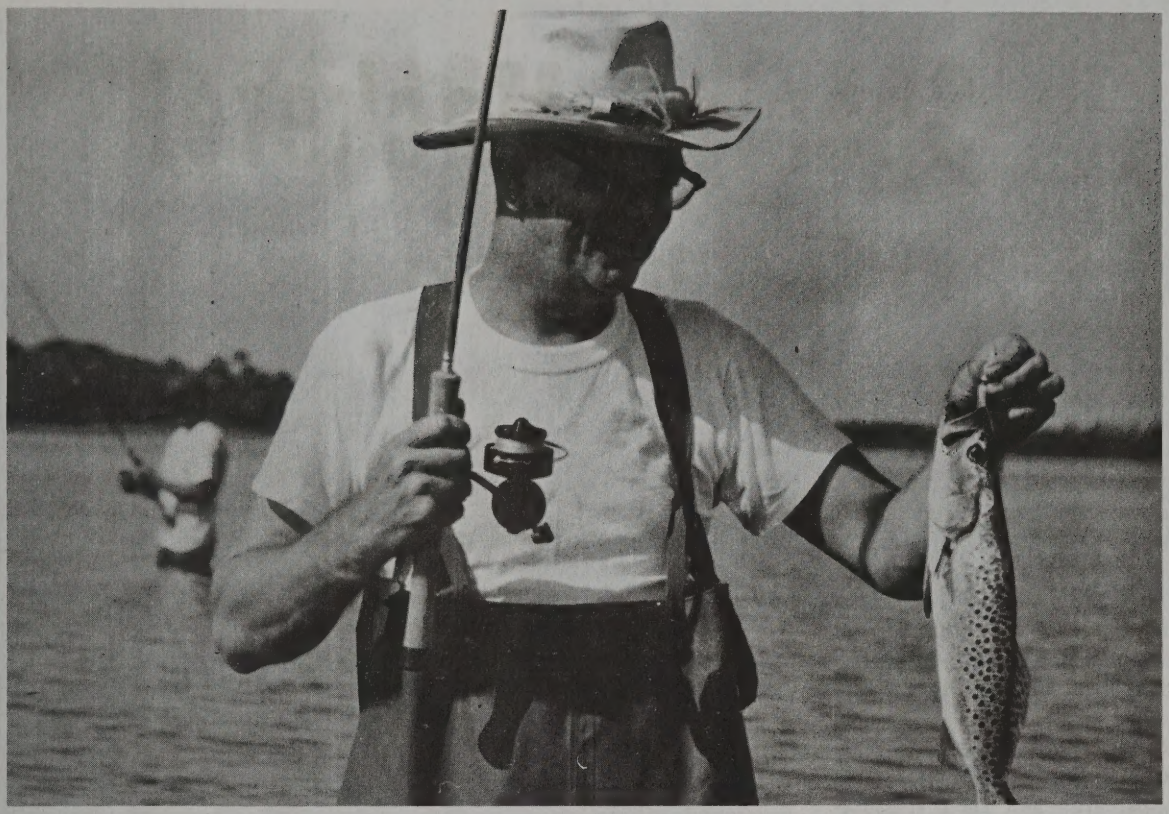
Well, if you have never been fishing in Florida before or have only visited there once or twice, the following information should give you a good idea of the scope and variety of Florida's salt and fresh water fishing and what you need in the way of boats, tackle, accessories, lures and other gear.

Florida never ceases to amaze many people who first drive across the border and figure that most of the state looks the same way and has the same kind of fishing. Actually Florida just as you cross the border is more like Georgia and this northern part has few palm trees or other tropical plants. You have to drive almost all day to reach the southern part of the Sunshine State.

It would simplify matters somewhat if you divide Florida into four sections. To the west along the Gulf of Mexico is the Panhandle running toward Pensacola, and this part of Florida is often cold and windy during the winter months and fishing is apt to suffer. The northern part of the state also has many cold days during the winter, but fishing can be good at times in salt and fresh water. The central part of the state is noted for fair to good fresh water and salt water fishing along both the west and east coasts. Finally we have South Florida which runs from about Palm Beach and down to the Florida Keys. This is the warmest part of the state during the winter months and usually has the best fishing both in its fresh and salt waters.

When it comes to tackle, one of the best rods you can bring along with you is a one-handed spinning rod about 6½ or 7 feet long with a small, salt water spinning reel filled with about 8 pound test line. This outfit can be used for many small and medium sized fish when wading the flats, casting from shore, small boats or even bigger boats for the smaller offshore species. You can also use such a rod for big, fresh water black bass in weedy areas.

Another outfit which can be used instead of the above outfit for the same fish and fishing is the bait-casting or spin-casting rod or the so-called "popping" rod which is usually used with a revolving spool bait-casting reel filled with anywhere from 15 to 25 pound test line. This can be used in salt water



FLORIDA NEWS BUREAU PHOTO

Light spinning outfits are often used for sea trout (southern weakfish) in tidal bays and rivers.

for fish such as sea trout, snook, small tarpon, redfish or channel bass and similar fish up to about 25 or 30 pounds. In fresh water most expert anglers like such a bait-casting rod for fishing for big black bass in the lily pads or hyacinths or other weeds.

If you plan to do a lot of fishing from piers, bridges or shore where you may have to use fairly heavy sinkers or baits and fight good-sized fish, you can bring along a regular pier or boat rod to use with a conventional type salt water reel filled with about 30 pound test line. Or bring along a heavier two-handed salt water spinning rod anywhere from 8 to 9 feet long. Many anglers who want to make long casts from piers, bridges or shore or go after bigger fish use surf rods for this fishing.

But the regular surf rods as we know them on Long Island are best for fishing from certain beaches where long casts with heavy sinkers or lures may be needed. This is usually done along the East coast beaches from Fernandina south to Jupiter. Here they do a lot of fishing for pompano, channel bass and bluefish and the heavy surf tackle is often needed to cast 5 ot 6 ounce sinkers and bait. However, if the surf is calm and the fish are in close and you are using light sinkers or lures, you can use the lighter and shorter surf rods.

Boat anglers who go out into the bays, inlets, rivers or into the ocean can use trolling rods of various weights and classes depending on the species they are seeking. Usually outfits with 20, 30, 50 and 80 pound test lines are used. The lighter ones can be used for tarpon, barracuda, dolphin, amberjack, sailfish, white marlin or wahoo, while the heavier outfits are used for blue marlin, sharks or other big fish.

Florida also has many charter boats for hire in the larger cities and fishing resorts and here, of course, the tackle and baits are supplied as part of the fare. There are also party boats or head boats called "drift" boats in Florida which either supply the tackle or have it for rent.

If you plan a lengthy stay in Florida it may pay to haul your own boat down on a trailer to fish either in fresh or salt water. But for shorter stays just bringing along an outboard motor will save you quite a bit of money. If you haven't got a boat or motor, you'll find plenty of such craft for rent in many parts of Florida at marinas, fishing camps and resorts.

Florida, as noted earlier, can be quite cold in the northern sections of the state, so you'll often need flannel or woolen shirts, jackets and caps or hats if you intend to fish for long hours outdoors. Even in the central and southern parts of the state you'll get "cold" fronts every so often and windy days or overcast days where warm shirts and jackets will come in handy. If you plan to fish at night or early in the morning or in the evening, you'll also need such clothing. You'll run into some rain from time to time or sloppy seas so foul-weather gear and short boots will be needed. Hip boots or waders may be needed for fishing the surf or flats or rivers if the weather is cold or when fishing at night. But on warmer days you can do such fishing in bathing trunks or long pants.

Mosquitoes and insects aren't too bad during the winter months in most areas of Florida but a bottle of repellent should be carried if you go into the Everglades country on a warm day with no wind. Or if you plan to fish at night in similar areas.

Sunglasses, especially the Polaroid type, are a big help in protecting your eyes from the sun and glare and also

CONT; ON PAGE 11

Spanish Mackerel

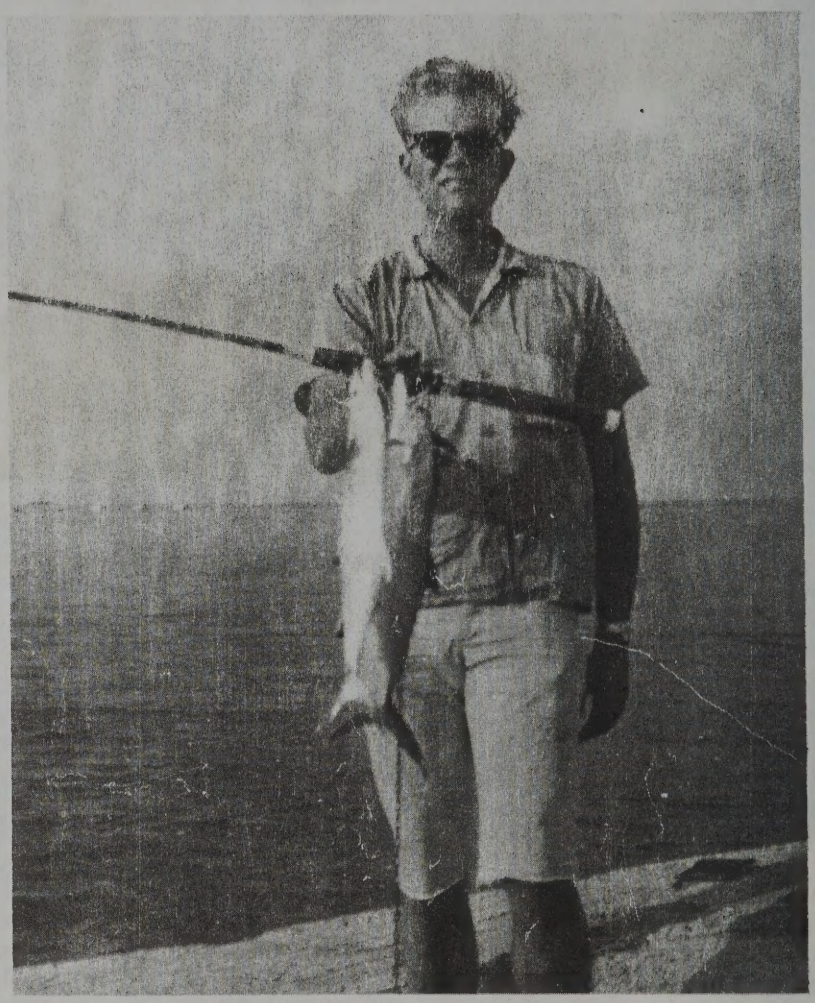
By Don Vetter

SOUTHEAST is the prevailing, fair weather wind in the Florida Keys, and that's the way it was blowing as my boat left the protection of the canal, and I headed out in pursuit of mackerel. The chase might end as close as Channel 2 or Long Key, or take me as far as Bahia Honda. I had all day to find the fish, and a fast (35 mph) boat to cover the ground. The 50 h.p. Johnson was purring along at 5500 r.p.m. as I swung south to run parallel with the overseas highway.

The very name - Spanish mackerel - conjures up visions of the 17th century Spaniards and their treasure-laden galleons. The bones of many of those storied vessels, their bottoms ripped out on the beautiful, but deadly coral reefs of the Keys, in some long ago tempest, still lie beneath the clear aquamarine waters. The lure of sunken gold has attracted the attentions of many divers down here, and the displays of local treasure museums attest to the success of a few in finding it.

As my little tri-hull skimmed over the waves, my thoughts turned to my first encounter with macks in these waters, back in 1967. Boatless on that first trip to the Keys, I had stopped my car beside the embankment at the south end of the Channel 5 Bridge. Some 3 or 4 anglers were working bucktail jigs at a frantic pace. This was the first time I had seen the energetic 'Florida whip' retrieve performed. No one seemed to be catching anything, and the few fishermen began, one by one, to drift away. As the last of them was leaving, he told me that a school of Spanish mackerel had been running in the channel earlier, but the action had died down.

The only mackerel I had ever caught till then were the Boston variety, and that vigorous jig work I had observed didn't appeal to me right then (I had driven most of the night). Tying on a Shorty Hopkins, I whipped a cast into the fast water with my light salt water spin outfit. A jolting strike, and then nothing; I reeled in my now lureless line. Something out there had teeth! Lacking another Shorty, I prepared to repeat the performance with a Johnson Spirte, but this time I added a 10 inch wire trace.



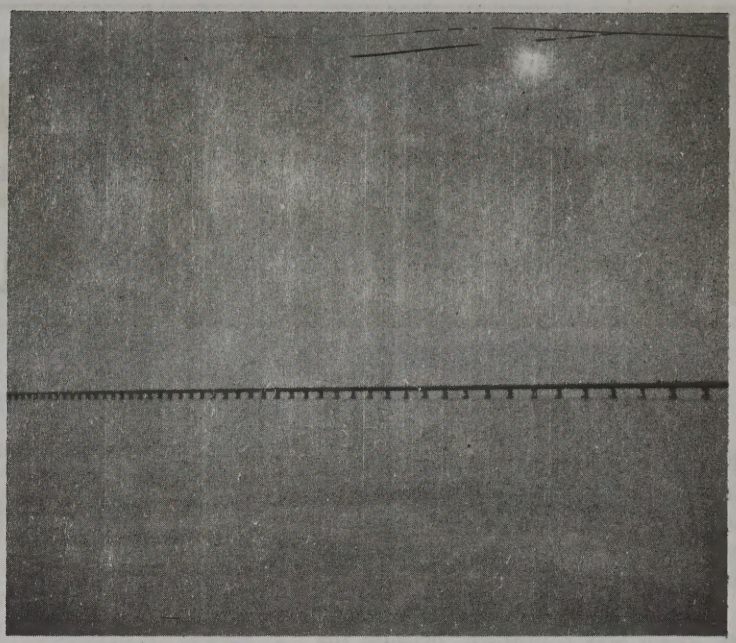
Spanish mackerel - Channel 5 Cut, Keys Highway.

My fast retrieve was met with a vicious strike, followed by a sizzling run; I assumed that I was into something big. After that initial run however, the fish seemed to ease up, and came in rather docilely. This, I was later to learn, is the way Spanish mackerel fight; a sharp strike and a fast run-off, with the rest of the battle somewhat anti-climatic.

As I brought the fish up to the bank, his fins and large tail appeared black through the turquoise tinted water. Out of the water, he didn't look like the macks we Long Islanders know. Long, lean and flatter through the body than the rounder Boston, he was beautifully colored; blue on the back, shading to silvery sides and belly, with gold spots on either flank. With his streamlined body and large deep-forked tail, he seemed built for speed, and his mouth was filled with a wicked set of choppers.

Since that first encounter, I have fished for these macks every time I get the chance, whenever I am down here. They will readily take bucktail or nylon jigs, or even plugs, but metal lures have remained my favorite. It is well to bring a good supply down with you, as a request for a Hopkins lure (or most of the 'hardware' popular back home)

Home base (and in the Keys); author's boat in foreground.



Prime mackerel grounds - offshore of the 7 Mile Bridge.

will often produce only a blank stare in the jig-oriented local tackle shops. A very fast retrieve is the secret, and a wire leader (or heavy mono shocker) is essential.

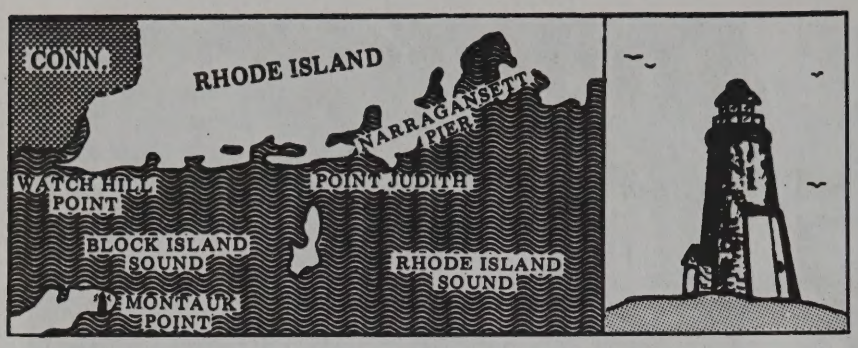
Live shrimp, suspended 3 or 4 feet below a float (the plastic artificial lemon, sold in supermarkets as a container of reconstituted lemon juice, makes an excellent and highly visible float) will produce macks. Channels, cuts, any moving water, and the open water (especially around such ocean-side shoals as East Washerwoman, and Sombrero - near Marathon) are the places to look for them. Houndfish (needlefish) and cutlassfish (or ribbonfish), are a pair of nasty customers which are often caught while mackerel fishing.

Getting back tothe particular mackerel expedition I opened with, I was now approaching the cut at Channel 2 Bridge. I slowed the boat and turned on the D/F. Sure enough, there were fish-flashes at the 6 foot depth. As I came to a stop and prepared to cast, a small runabout flashed by. Near the wake of the departed craft, the water was churned into white patches as mackerel began breaking and feeding right on the top. Dropping my rod for the camera, I recorded the scene before getting down to the business of fishing.

What kind of hapless baitfish were provoking the wrath of the feeding macks I never did learn, but they took my fast-moving spoon with abandon. The jolting strikes and drag-stripping runs of these speedsters was a joy to behold, and I made the most of it while the action lasted. Keeping a few for the table, I caught and released macks until my arms were weary.

After supper that night, I sat relaxed on the Florida sand, sand the color and texture of refined sugar. My little boat tugged gently at her moorings as a soft tropic breeze rustled the palms that lined the bank of the moon-drenched canal. The stars overhead seemed close enough to touch. Savoring the fragrance of the lemon-grove behind me, I reflected on the joys of Florida fishing in general, and the speedy Spanish mackerel in particular.

Mackerel on top near the Channel 2 Bridge.



RHODE ISLAND A FISHING PARADISE

by George "DOC" Hayek

IT WAS A HOT JULY TUESDAY as had been the past ten to eleven days. Temperatures had been soaring into the low and middle nineties with no relief in sight in Rhode Island, as had been the case throughout the entire northeastern states.

Leaving my air-conditioned office for lunch was a mistake, because the reality of the heat soon had my mind wandering from dentistry to fishing. Although the West Wall in East Matunuck (see May, 1972 issue of L.I.F.) had not been producing as well this year as in previous years, I had this feeling that the West Wall would be the place to be tonight after I closed my office for the day. I got back to my office long before my first patient of the afternoon arrived and placed a phone call to Paul Boiani, another ardent disciple of fishing, and we made plans for that evening.

By 7:30 we were making our first casts about half way between the beach and the first bend of this extremely long breakwater. On the way to our casting positions I talked with several West Wall regulars. They all had news that bordered on the pessimistic side, but since we were there we thought it to be foolish to not try our luck until about 8:00, when the tide would turn around and start coming in. Another bad sign was the fact that there was no wind. It had died down to almost zero.

Almost immediately Paul got a hit while using an extremely small popper-½ ounce. I then switched to the smallest popper in my bag.

By a few minutes after 8:00 Paul had two very small blues lying next to his feet and two more on and off again. With all my efforts, all I could boast of was to have one blue on for about ten seconds. Moving closer to the beach, I switched to a fish-shaped swimmer and on my first cast got a bass of four pounds. By about 8:30 there were nearly a dozen blues, about five bass and a couple of squeateague (weakfish) caught by various fishermen. Not good by past standards; but the first real sign of half-decent fishing for the West Wall in many weeks.

On our way home, Paul and I made up our minds that we would be back the next night. We started talking about our favorite pastime - fishing - and how fortunate we were to live in Rhode Island because our waters are so ideally suited to excellent fishing. I have heard it said by more than one old-time fisherman that if the Rhode Island waters were fished as heavily as the Cape Cod area, there would be a larger number of fish caught than most people could imagine.

Although Rhode Island is the smallest state in the Union, it boasts of some of the finest salt water fishing available. Little Rhody, which is its nickname, has only a forty-mile general coastline. However, if the total tidal shoreline of the state's bays and islands were included, the total coastline would measure something closer to 420 miles. In addition to what may be referred to as the Rhode Island mainland, there are 36 islands. Three of Rhode Island's chief rivers; Providence, Sakonnet, and the Seekonk Rivers are in actuality salt water arms of Narragansett Bay; still one of the cleanest bays in this civilized world.

The summer of 1972 saw bluefish for the first time all the way up the Providence River, into areas where nobody ever remembered seeing large schools of fish. Even the municipal docks in Providence enjoyed fishing where there previously was none. Here I caught some blues up to 14 pounds. But we had to use cut menhaden on the bottom.

Get a map of Rhode Island and look over its aquatic geography. It is nothing short of being fantastic and a fishing paradise. From Watch Hill eastward to Point Judith is a long stretch of beach (the south shore) measuring over eighteen miles. Although Watch Hill and Point Judtih are jutting parcels of rocky land, the distance between them is almost all sand; sandy beaches with gradual dropoffs, sudden dropoffs, and occasional sand bars some of which run parallel to the shoreline and some angling off from the beach. To make it even more interesting for the predator fish and the fisherman, the beaches are in some areas interrupted by breachways and inlets which bring the water back and forth between the ocean and the tidal marshes. These salt water marshes are not only breeding grounds for many fish and other forms of wildlife, but they serve as temporary havens for the millions of baitfish until these marshes start to run out to sea again. Then they become food spillways, feeding the predators that are waiting at the mouths of these tidal rivers. Included are such famous south shore breachways as Quonochontaug and Charlestown.

Watch Hill and Point Judith which mark off the two extreme (west-east) ends of this extensive south beach are both tremendous producers of the bigger specimens of striped bass and bluefish. For all but the timid amongst surf fishermen, these two points provide not only big fish, but a certain challenge because getting into fish and hooking them is only a small part of the battle. At these points a surfcaster is really fighting a fish in the fish's own element because of the high crashing waves, the slippery stones underfoot, and the stiff undertow are most certainly in the fishes' favor.

Going southward seaward, is the famous Nebraska Shoals which is almost in line with Block Island. Nebraska Shoals is famous for the giant bluefin tuna that many sportsmen seek, especially during the United States Atlantic Tuna Tournament. Block Island boasts of some of the biggest bass and blues found in the Rhode Island waters. These two areas are accessable by boat or ferry only, and I will mention them in passing for they are a subject which

CONT; ON PAGE 11

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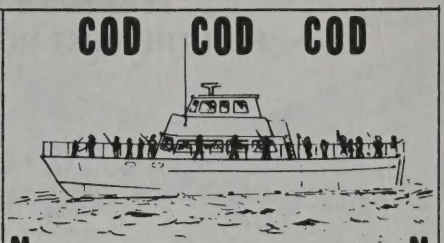

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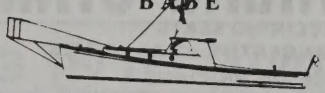

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CONT; FROM PAGE 7

for spotting fish. And if you have just come down from the north with pale skin, don't expose too much of your body too soon or too often until you build up a tan.

Many of the same fsihing lures you use up north for striped bass or bluefish or weakfish can also be used down in Florida for trolling or casting. Except that you don't need the very big sizes. Bring along the small and medium sized surface and underwater plugs, spoons, jigs, bait tails, plastic eels and similar lures. You may also want to buy some of the local favorites used in fresh and salt water. These can be obtained in almost any well-stocked tackle shop.

Florida may be a fisherman's paradise, but even here fishing can be hot and cold and is also affected by the winds, weather, temperature and the movements of the fish themselves just as anywhere else. So for best results plan to stay at least two weeks or more so that you can wait out the bad spells and fish more spots. During the next two weeks I'll cover the best spots and the fish caught there.

CONT; FROM PAGE 10

deserves a totally separate treatment.

Going northward from Point Judith we come across the shoreline of Narragansett; one of the most beautiful rocky shores I have ever seen. This rocky coast extends for many miles, being broken at only a few places by some natural beaches which The Creator seems to have placed only for the purpose of adding some variety for the sightseers' eyes, and to make fishing even more varied and interesting for the fisherman.

Probably the most interesting spot in that area is the "Narrow River Inlet," which is really called the Pettaquamscutt River. It's very interesting because on the south side of the river there is one large stretch of sand beach a mile in length. And less than a hundred yards across the Inlet is a vastly different, rocky shoreline which stretches for miles northward; being broken in a few spots by sand beaches.

Going north of Narragansett there lies between the west shore and east shore of the bay, a large island called Jamestown. Since fishing Jamestown is a whole story in itself, I will not pursue this until perhaps I learn that you would care to learn of it.

Going north of Jamestown you find the upper reaches of Narragansett Bay with its vast tidal flats, sandy beaches, and green acres. It's the upper bay which is heavily dotted with many small islands. Although there are no crashing waves in the northern part of the Bay, it's a very peaceful type of fishing and some fishermen argue that it produces better than the lower bay.

On the other side of the bay lies the eastern land-arm with a similar shoreline; a varied coast of beaches, coves, inlets and craggy areas.

Perhaps I sound like a proud father when I speak of Rhode Island, but once you visit her you will always want to come back.

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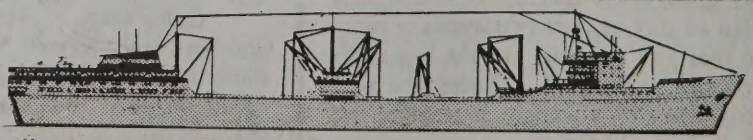

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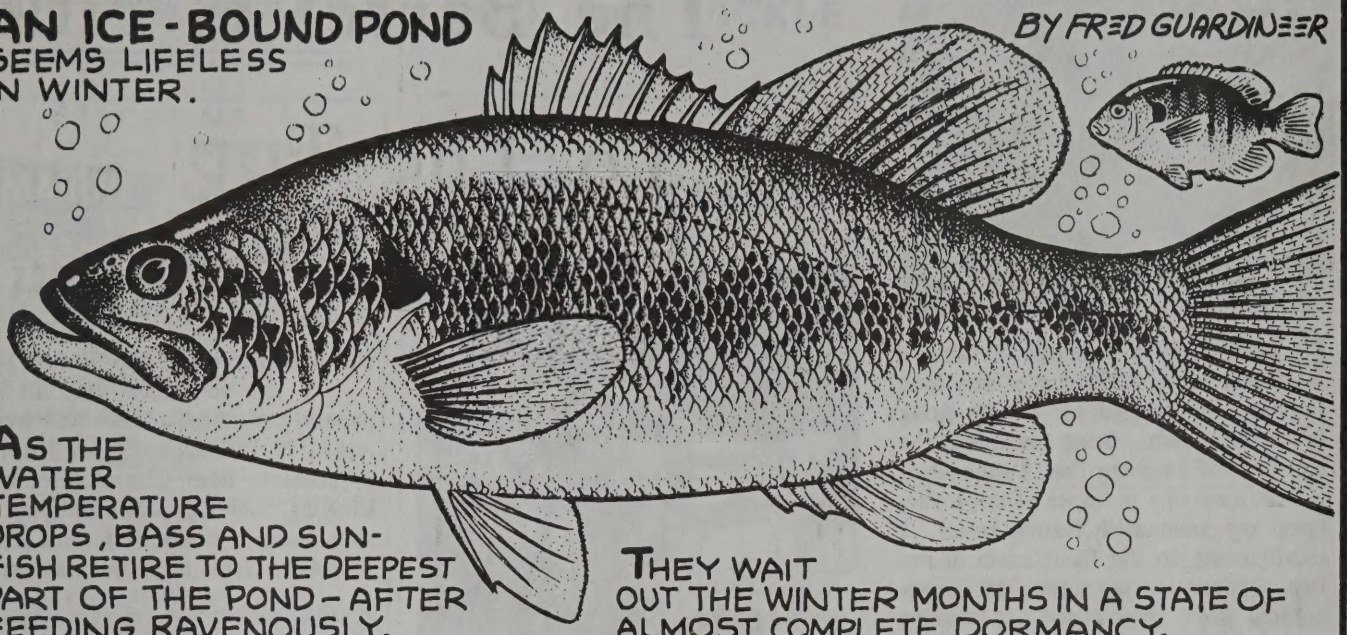
WHERE THEY GO IN WINTER

BY FRED GUARDINEER

AN ICE-BOUND POND SEEMS LIFELESS IN WINTER.



AS THE WATER TEMPERATURE DROPS, BASS AND SUNFISH RETIRE TO THE DEEPEST PART OF THE POND – AFTER FEEDING RAVENOUSLY.

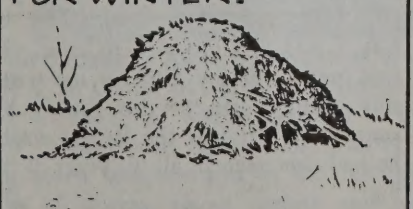
THEY WAIT OUT THE WINTER MONTHS IN A STATE OF ALMOST COMPLETE DORMANCY.

FROGS DIG INTO THE MUD ON THE BOTTOM AND ABSORB OXYGEN THROUGH THEIR SKIN.

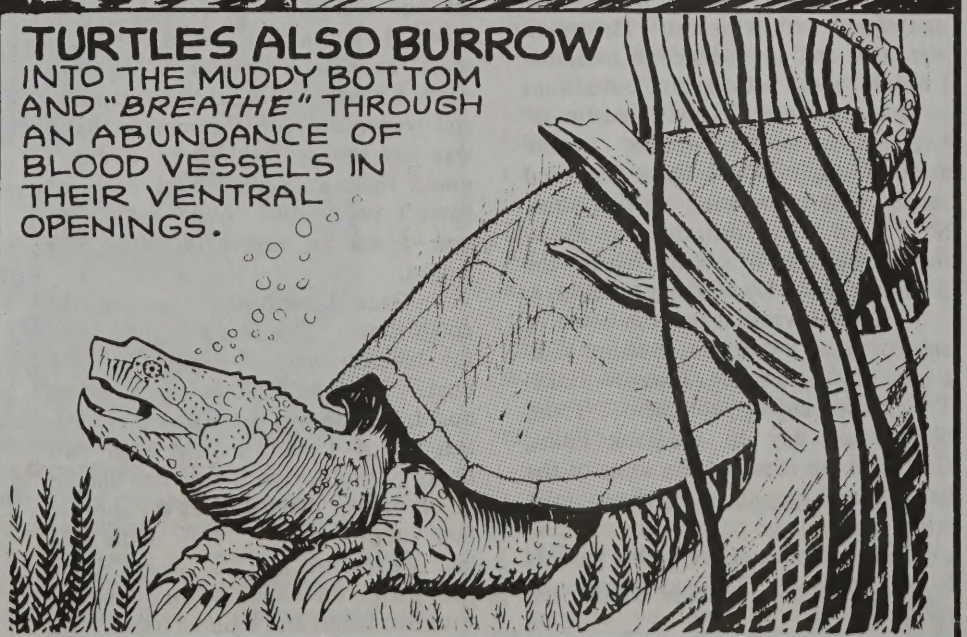
WATERSNAKES, UNFIT FOR UNDERWATER RESPIRATION, HIBERNATE FOR THE MOST PART BENEATH OVERHANGING BANKS AFTER HUNTING MINNOWS AND FROGS AROUND THE CLOCK.

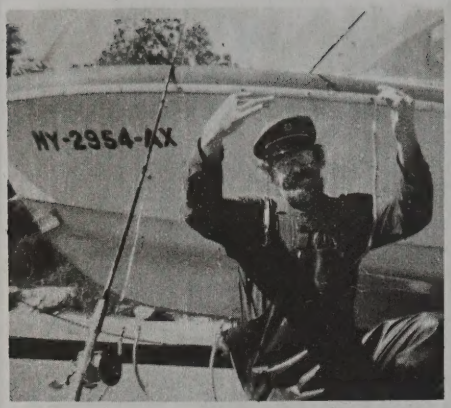
DIVING BEETLES TRAP BUBBLES OF AIR JUST BENEATH THE ICE.

MUSKRATS HAVE A SNUG WARM HOUSE FOR WINTER.



TURTLES ALSO BURROW INTO THE MUDDY BOTTOM AND "*BREATHE*" THROUGH AN ABUNDANCE OF BLOOD VESSELS IN THEIR VENTRAL OPENINGS.





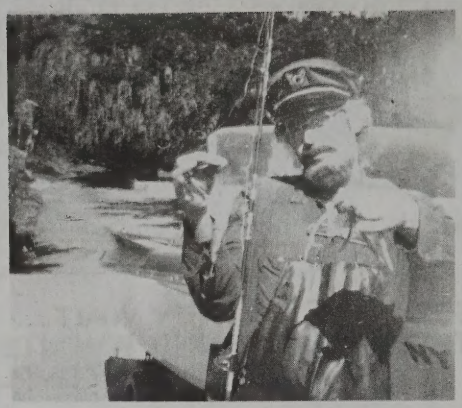
The Barrel Is Filled To The Top

By Hank Leids

ONE DAY, a colleague of mine a real fishing enthusiast of very long standing, introduced me to the Long Island Fisherman. Being a novice at the concepts of catching fish, I subscribed to the magazine in hopes of improving upon my amateurish fishing antics. I recall seeing on the front cover of my first delivered issue, two gentlemen holding three large stripers. Looking at the size of those cows, I was certain they were being held up by wires which didn't show in the picture, or at least one of the men holding up the fish wound up with a hernia.

I read the publication avidly, from cover to cover, hopefully learning points and techniques which would captrue for me a striper so big that I would need assistance in lifting it into the boat. The article referring to zeroing in on the big ones was read, reread, with key points underlined. I trailered my boat to the north shore at night, to an area of Eaton's Neck renown as striper territory. I brought along plastic eels (four different colors), a bottle of pork rind, some forzen squid, surgical lures and three sandworms I dug along the water's edge. I had two heavy poles, one rigged with wire line. The moon was new and my horiscope indicated I would "meet with favorable reactions to new adventures." How could I miss? Easy! Two hours of trolling - - to no avail. I snagged the bottom once and caught a boat mooring another time. So, I went home frustrated, but nevertheless, waiting for anticipation for the next issue of the Long Island Fisherman.

Several weeks later, the cover of another issue showed three happy fishermen holding a string of massive fluke. The accompanying comment, "From Sheepshead Bay to Montauk Point, fishermen are experiencing some of the best fluke fishing in years. Every inlet and bay has large populations of these summer flatfish." Great! My parents love to eat fluke. Their loving son was going to surprise them by bringing



home the equivalent of a freezer full of "keepers."

After reading articles on fluke fishing, this was going to be a simple endeavor. I purchased three pounds of squid at the supermarket and two dozen fluke hooks elsewhere. I used a lighter pole than when striper fishing, but used 20 lb. test monofilament line. Arriving on the south shore about 8:30 in the morning, I headed toward the party boats. I drifted along the bay as did the big boats. Each time I heard a shout of joy emanating from one of the bigger boats, I murmered to myself, "Be patient, you're next." By noontime I was booing whenever I heard that shout of joy on the other boats. At one o'clock, with no fish yet on board, I returned to the boat ramp. I recall another fisherman asking how many I brought back. I lied sheepishly and responded with the remark that I was just testing the motor; it didn't sound right so I came right back. I haven't yet learned to catch fish, but now I am an expert in telling fish stories.

Once I went for blues on the north shore. This was at a time when the bluefish were "jumping into the boat." I had a 20 gallon plastic pail on board. Inside was one six pound bluefish which I had hooked after two hours of trolling with wire line and an umbrella rig. The skipper on another boat shouted to me, "How is the fishing?" I reached into the twenty gallon pail, pulled the lone blue up by the tail with two hands and shouted back, "The barrel is filled to the top."

I am convinced that all newspapers, periodical articles and items in regard to catches are gross distortions or absolute lies. The pictures we see showing huge quantities and enormous sizes must be doctored photos, created to induce ulcers in people like me with

sensitive digestive tracts. Incidently, while writing of digestive tracts, I'd like to relate an interesting anecdote. My colleague, the fink who gave me the initial fishing impetus, invited me out on his boat to fish for cod. It was a cold bitter morning and a bit choppy offshore. For half an hour I watched this fishing ace pull in several nice sized codfish. It was now just a matter of time for me to duplicate his prowess. After all, I had the same size sinkers, hooks and clam bait. My line was sitting on the bottom within a few feet of his gear. After his fourth fish, and my line still limp, I became sullen and morose. I was already shaking from the cold and a bit nauseous from the chop and swell. Soon the roll of the boat got the better of the fluid in my ear canals. Just as I heaved, my pole jerked. Hallelujah! I hooked a fish, but alas, I was just too sick to care. The fink pulled in my fish for me with a silly sloppy grin on his face. You guessed it. It was the largest codfish he had ever seen in all his years of fishing.

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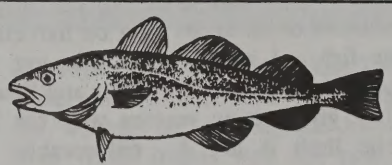

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"Fish Farmer" - Allan D. Sosnow of West Hempstead, a graduate student of the C.W. Post Center of Long Island Univeristy, keeps meticulous records of growth and wellbeing of winter flounder in his mariculture research program at the New York Ocean Science Laboratory at Montauk. Maintained in carefully monitored temperatures in the institution's saltwater laboratory and fed on diets of worms, clams, shrimp and trout pellets, the fish are measured and weighed every seven days. In addition to working for a Master's degree in marine science, Sosnow plans to one day go into the mariculture busines..

CLUB NEWS

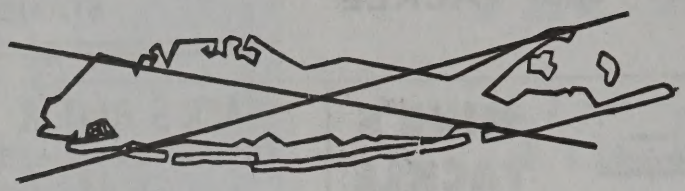
The Doghouse Fishing Club of 31 Hugh Grant Circle, Bronx, N.Y., is proud to announce their selections of the following officers for the 1973 season: Commodore, Foster Fulton; Treasurer, Edward Tracy; Secretary, Bill Bowler, Jr.; Chairman of Prize Committee, Pat McCann.

Prizes were awarded at the club's 15th annual Christmas party to the following men for fishing excellence: 1st prize, Donald Myers, Jr.; Tie for 2nd and 3rd, Bob Lenz and John Thomas.

The door prize of a rod and reel was won by Dr. David Benford.

Arrangements are now being made for six (6) fishing trips for the coming season. The Club wishes all fishermen a successful season and what they can't eat, throw back.

KEEP all you want— but EAT what you keep!



200 MILE LIMIT

To Whom it May CONCERN:

I am writing this letter to you because I have great respect for your editorials and the way they have presented the facts to the public, and have provided results in one way or the other. I now feel the need to call on you for your help in a problem that will effect all of us.

I am an active member of the Emergency Committee, 110 Charlotte Place, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632, and the National Boat Owners Alliance, Inc., 285 Fire Island Ave., Babylon, N.Y. 11702. My position is this:

The fishermen, the boat captains and their mates, the boat builders, the diesel mechanics, the tackle manufacturers, and so on down the line, are faced with unemployment and devastation because the government will not support a 200 mile territorial limit. I have written several congressmen, representatives, and assemblymen with no reply. I wrote the President of the United States, and he referred my letter to another department. This department sent me back a "statement" which is page after page of doubletalk. The last page gets the message across that national security is much more important, therefore they will not support a 200 mile fishing limit.

The Russians have fished off our shores as close as 3 miles, have transported cargo, depleted our fishing areas, made sea bass, yellow-tail flounder, herring, and many more species extinct, and have made many other species be named for the endangered list. All with our government's blessing.

I am a party boat captain. By law I am told I must have a license to operate my boat for carrying passengers for hire (which a strict exam must be passed before obtaining said license), I must have a license to operate my radio, which in 1975 I must purchase a bigger one to meet new FCC regulations. I must in 1975 install chlorine tanks in my heads to help stop pollution, yet the biggest pollutant of all keeps right on harvesting our fish. I must do all this, yet the government gives me no facts and figures. They give me no reasons why the 200 mile limit is not 1: enforceable; 2: obtainable; 3: necessary. Their only position is that for national security we must not have a 200 mile limit. Is this security when we face bankrupcy, when myself and others face losing all we've worked long and hard for? How can we have security with the Russians 3 miles off our shore, whether they be fishing boat or ',spy" fishing boats?

Although everyone does not come in contact with fishing, although everyone does not come in contact with the water, we are all going to suffer if the Russians continue to harvest our fishing resources. Not everyone sees the Russians or hears what is going on because the government keeps it hush-hush. Yet, the average housewife wonders why the price of fish keeps going up and up every time she goes to the fish market. Is it because someone's cutting in on the profits, or because the supply of fish is getting smaller and smaller?

I am writing to you and several other papers and several popular magazines with the hope that this will be brought before the public. The American fisherman is pushing for a 200 mile fishing limit. Without the support of the millions of Americans who know nothing of the government's reason for not supporting a 200 mile limit, we have no chance of succeeding at all. If something isn't done now to stop the foreign fleets from fishing off our shores, in just a few years the resources will be depleted.

I am not a so called "quack," standing on a soap box. Just one concerned American who feels it's time something should be done for everyone's benefit, before it's too late.

You may contact me, the Emergency Committee, Fishing Unlimited, The National Party Boat Owner's Alliance, The New Jersey Boat Owner's Association, Capt. Paul Forsberg of Montauk, Long Island, Capt. Howard Bogan of Brielle, N.J., Capt. John Larson of Barnegate, N.J., Capt. Dave Bogan of Brielle, N.J., Capt. Jack Bunting of Ocean City, Maryland, for more sentiments and feelings exactly like mine. There are hundreds more captains and their mates, their families, and boatowners who definitely want a 200 mile limit.

The government insists we fight the war against pollution. We insist the government join the war for the American fishermen by introducing legislation with a bill for a 200 mile limit.

Capt. Ed Bunting, Jr., Highlands, N.J.

BEACH EROSION PROGRAM

The Town of Islip has more than a dozen locations at which discarded Christmas trees can be deposited. These trees are to be used in Fire Island beach erosion programs.

The Town Department of Environmental Control said during the weekend that Christmas trees will not be picked up by cartmen. The trees will be taken, as they have been by one or more Suffolk towns for more than a decade, to Fire Island beaches and will be used to retard erosion.

The town said trees would be collected after the holidays at the following locations: Gillette Park, Sayville; Lake Ronkonkoma Beach, Ronkonkoma; Bohemia Recreation Center, Smithtown Avenue, Bohemia; the Islip Town Hall parking lot, Main Street, Islip; Bayport Memorial Park, South Country Road, Bayport; Brentwood Recreation Center, Third Avenue,Brentwood; Railroad Station Park, Oakdale at the railroad station; Brookwood Hall, 50 Irish Lane, East Islip; Clayton Street Recreation Center tennis courts, Central Islip; Bay Shore Marina, South Clinton Avenue, Bay Shore; the West Islip Little League field, south of Montauk Highway, West Islip; Green Belt Recreation Center, Patchogue-Holbrook Road, Holbrook, and Roberts Street Playground, Lincoln Avenue, Holbrook.

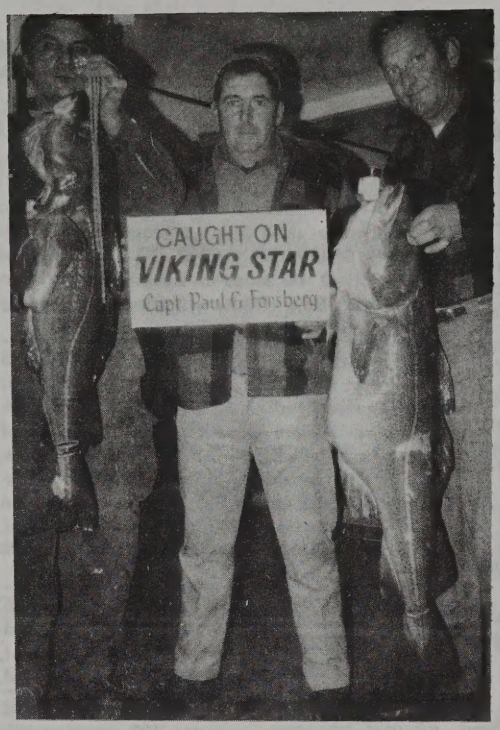
BACKGROUND OF THE EMERGENCY COMMITTEE

The Emergency Committee To Save America's Marine Resources, Inc. (a non-profit service organization incorporated in N.J.(was formed on February 29, 1972 by concerned party and charter boat captains, sportsmen, and conservationists in the New York - New Jersey area. The purpose of the organization is to seek establishment of a 200 mile fisheries zone around the U.S.

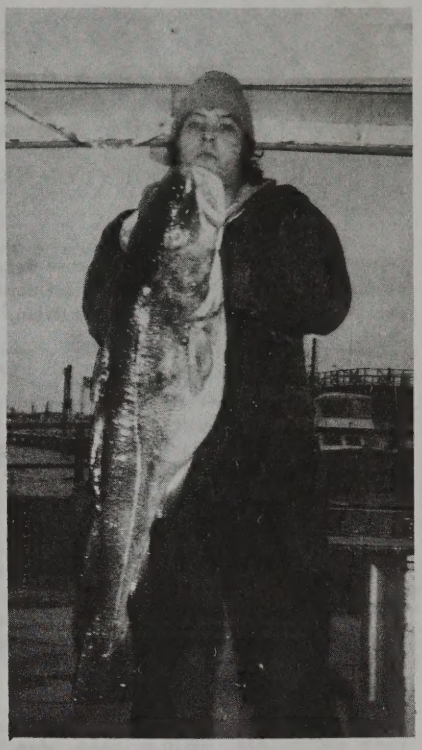
In order to achieve this purpose, we have instituted a campaign to get sportsment to write their congressmen, asking them to support 200 mile legislation such as Rep. Norman Lent's bill, HR13729. Over 100,000 leaflets (donated by the Garcia Corp.) explaining the situation and containing instructions on how to write have been distributed aboard party and charter boats. In addition, the Committee has arranged for posters, bumper stickers, and buttons; made appearances on TV and radio; given talks to fishing clubs and other organizations; issued frequent press releases; corresponded with legislators; and pleaded the cause before the Republican Platform Committee in Miami Beach.

All of this work is carried out by volunteers and is dependent on contributions. We need your help to bring this critical problem to the attention of the general public. Posters are available at no charge to public fishing boats and commercial establishments; while bumper stickers and buttons are sold at two for 50¢ (complete selection - $2.00) in order to permit re-ordering of these items.

If you would like samples of any of these materials, or more information, please write us. We also appreciate any clips. Write to: The Emergency Committee To Save America's Marine Resources, 110 Charlotte Place, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.



John Mezey, Ray Seviketad and Thomas Walsh pose with codfish caught aboard the "Viking Star" of Montauk. Although Tom Walsh (right) won the pool with this 43 lb. cod, John Mezey (left) also won a prize of sorts. A silver necklace and a gold ring were found in his fishes stomach.



Fred Allen of Bellerose holds up a 44 lb. codfish caught aboard the "Peconic Queen II" out of Montauk.

Joe Carter and Ben Schulman, both members of the Tournament Anglers Fishing Club, with seven cod caught S.E. of Jones Inlet in 90 ft. of water.

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N.Y. POWER SQUADRON'S GAME FISHING COURSE FOR 1973

The Salt Water Game Fishing Course for 1973 will be held at the High School of Art & Design, Second Avenue and 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. These classes will be held on Monday evenings except February 12th and 19th.

JANUARY 15, 1973: FRANK MOSS, Executive Editor of "Sportfishing," Author of "Successful Ocean Game Fishing." Fishing boats, equipment, i.e., tuna towers, outriggers, bait well, gin poles, etc. The most successful way to employ these aids.

JANUARY 22, 1973: HUGO UHLAND, President of the Metropolitan Rod & Gun, Editor and Columnist for the Angler's News. Big game fishing, both off shore and striped bass.

JANUARY 29, 1973: RAY PRESCOTT, representing Garcia Corporation. Selection and balancing rods and reels, use, care, and maintenance. From flounders to big game rigs.

FEBRUARY 5, 1973: AL REINFELDER, Author, Lecturer, representing Garcia Corporation. Small boat fishing, north and south shores, Long Island Sound and Sandy Hook area. Fishing rips and tides for bass and blues.

FEBRUARY 13, 1973 (Tuesday night): RON LEPPER, Captain of the charter boat "Kim." Modern techniques for fishing Long Island and New Jersey waters. Practical solutions to fishing problems.

FEBRUARY 20, 1973 (Tuesday night): CARL DARENBERG, Fleet Captain, Montauk Marine Basin. Fishing for tuna, school and giant tuna out of Montauk, Long Island, sea conditions, weather, water temperature.

FEBRUARY 26, 1973: MARK SOSIN, Author, Lecturer, Internationally noted Sportfisherman. Techniques for tempting, hooking, fighting fish in Northern and Southern waters.

MARCH 5, 1973: AL RISTORI, the Garcia Corporation, Long Island Sportsman, Author of numerous articles. More big game fishing - rigging for tuna and marlin - extending your sphere to other waters.

MARCH 12, 1973: MILTON ROSKO, Author of "Fishing From Boats," Articles in LONG ISLAND FISHERMAN, etc. Tackle techniques, terminal tackle, bait vs. lures, IGFA standards. Procedures in various types of salt water fishing.

MARCH 19, 1973: JERRY KENNEY, Fishing Editor of N.Y. Daily News. Fishing for sharks, dangers thereof, shark identification, tagging and releasing.

MARCH 26, 1973 - ALTERNATE NIGHT: Discussion, Questions and Answers, Odds & Ends, Top & Bottom.

Classes start promptly at 7 p.m. each Monday or Tuesday - - Room B-9, High School of Art & Design, 2nd Ave. and 57th Street, NYC.

Attendance Limit: 125 persons. A postcard will be mailed to each of the first 125 persons enrolling, which will serve as your permanent admission and attendance card.

Registration Fee: $30.00, make checks payable to New York Power Squadron. Mail to: Arnold Weinstock, Profit & Pension Planners, Inc., 575 Lexington Avenue, 29th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10022. Phone (516) 747-6525.

****

KEEP OUR WATERS CLEAN!

ATLANTIC BEACH ROD & GUN CLUB

Announcement of Special Awards was made by the club and they consist of:

Special Club Trophy, Outstanding Catch in Outside Waters, Tie: Tuna, 725 lbs., Sid Karlin; Cobia, 34 lbs., Michael Schamroth (Fly Rod)

Special Acknowledgement: Winner 1972 Montauk Annual Swordfish Contest: 332 lbs., Roy David.

Meta Hill Trophy, Outstanding Catch, Ray Adell Point System: Bluefish, 17 lbs. 5 ozs., Barney Gabler.

Gunther Memorial Trophy, Leon E. Miller.

Awards will be made at the club's Annual Dinner Dance which will be held at The Porterhouse in Valley Stream on Saturday evening, February 17th. The club looks forward to all of the members, their wives or friends being there not only to applaud but to have a grand time and make this evening successful. Cocktail hour, Prime Rib Dinner, Rolling Bar with unlimited refreshments all evening, Dancing, all gratuities, only $21 per person. Each of you will be hearing from the committee very shortly.

As of November 30th, the following Atlantic Beach members were leading int heir categories in the Five Towns Contests:

Special Contests: Bluefish, 10 lbs. 12 ozs., Fred H. Hill; Fluke, 10 lbs. 4 ozs., Al Monaco; Striped Bass, 36 lbs., Larry Kravitz.

Annual Contests: Codfish, 35 lbs., John Koehler; Fluke, 10 lbs. 4 ozs., Al Monaco; Mako Shark, 222 lbs. 12 ozs., Martin Feuer; Stirped Bass, 50 lbs. 8 ozs., Oscar Amoroso.

Junior Divison: Mackerel, 2 lbs. 8 ozs., Anthony Amoroso.

The Five Towns Annual Contests do not end until December 31st, hence the final and complete standings will not be published until either the January or February Newsletter. It should be noted that the Five Towns Fishing Clubs Association will hold their Annual Awards Dinner on Saturday evening, March 3, 1973. More specific details will be advised in the January Newsletter.

To those of you who enjoy a warm "BS" session, Hennings' will be open on Friday, Saturday and Sunday during the winter, weather permitting.

TIDES: SOUTH SHORE
SANDY HOOK STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.	8:58	9:24
Fri.	9:37	10:01
Sat.	10:15	10:48
Sun.	11:02	11:33
Mon.	11:53	———
Tues.	12:27	12:42
Wed.	1:24	1:43
Thur.	2:25	2:47

	H.	M.
MANASQUAN	-0	12
STATEN ISLAND	+0	07
ROCKAWAY INLET	0	00
Bergen Beach	+0	29
J.F.K. Airport	+0	26
EAST ROCKAWAY INLET	-0	06
Long Beach Bridge	+0	19
JONES INLET	-0	19
Loop Pkwy. Bridge	+0	25
Zachs Bay	+1	25
Oligo Island	+2	25
Seaford Harbor	+2	05
FIRE ISLAND INLET	-0	38
West Great South Bay	+2	10
Heckscher State Park	+3	20
East Great South Bay	+3	44
MORICHES INLET	-0	56
Smiths Point	+3	28
Harts Cove	+1	30
Potunk Point	+3	35
SHINNECOCK INLET	-0	50
East Quogue	+2	45
Shinnecock Canal	+1	18
Indian Reservation	+3	05

TIDES: L.I. SOUND
WILLETS POINT STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.	6:41	7:19
Fri.	7:43	8:28
Sat.	8:46	9:34
Sun.	9:45	10:30
Mon.	10:43	11:27
Tues.	11:38	———
Wed.	12:21	12:31
Thur.	1:14	1:25

	H.	M.
Little Neck Bay	-0	10
Execution Light	-0	06
Manhasset Bay	-0	01
Hempstead Harbor	-0	11
City Island	-0	03
Rye Beach	-0	28

TIDES: L.I. SOUND
BRIDGEPORT STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.	11:55	———
Fri.	12:23	12:36
Sat.	1:04	1:15
Sun.	1:47	2:00
Mon.	2:30	2:46
Tues.	3:19	3:37
Wed.	4:10	4:33
Thur.	5:04	5:31

	H.	M.
Lloyd Point	+0	08
Cold Spring Harbor	+0	08
Bayville Bridge	+0	13
Eatons Neck Point	+0	03
Northport Bay	+0	03
Norwalk Islands	+0	10
Smithtown Bay	-0	03
Cranes Neck Point	+0	05
Port Jeff Harbor	+0	03
New Haven Harbor	-0	08
Mount Sinai Harbor	+0	08
Herod Point	-0	07
Mattituck Inlet	+0	19
Horton Point	-0	20
Truman Beach	-0	42

TIDES: B.I. SOUND
NEW LONDON STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.	11:06	11:52
Fri.	11:47	———
Sat.	12:41	12:38
Sun.	1:30	1:29
Mon.	2:21	2:31
Tues.	3:14	3:34
Wed.	4:10	4:35
Thur.	5:03	5:36

	H.	M.
Orient Point	+0	27
Connecticut River	+1	10
Little Gull Island (Race)	+0	12
Greenport	+1	04
Southold	+1	43
New Suffolk	+2	26
South Jamesport	+2	32
Shinnecock Canal	+2	33
Noyack Bay	+2	05
Sag Harbor	+0	59
Gardiners Bay	+0	21
Promised Land (Napeague)	-0	14
Fort Pond Bay	-0	29
Montauk Inlet	-0	25
Montauk Point	-1	13

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